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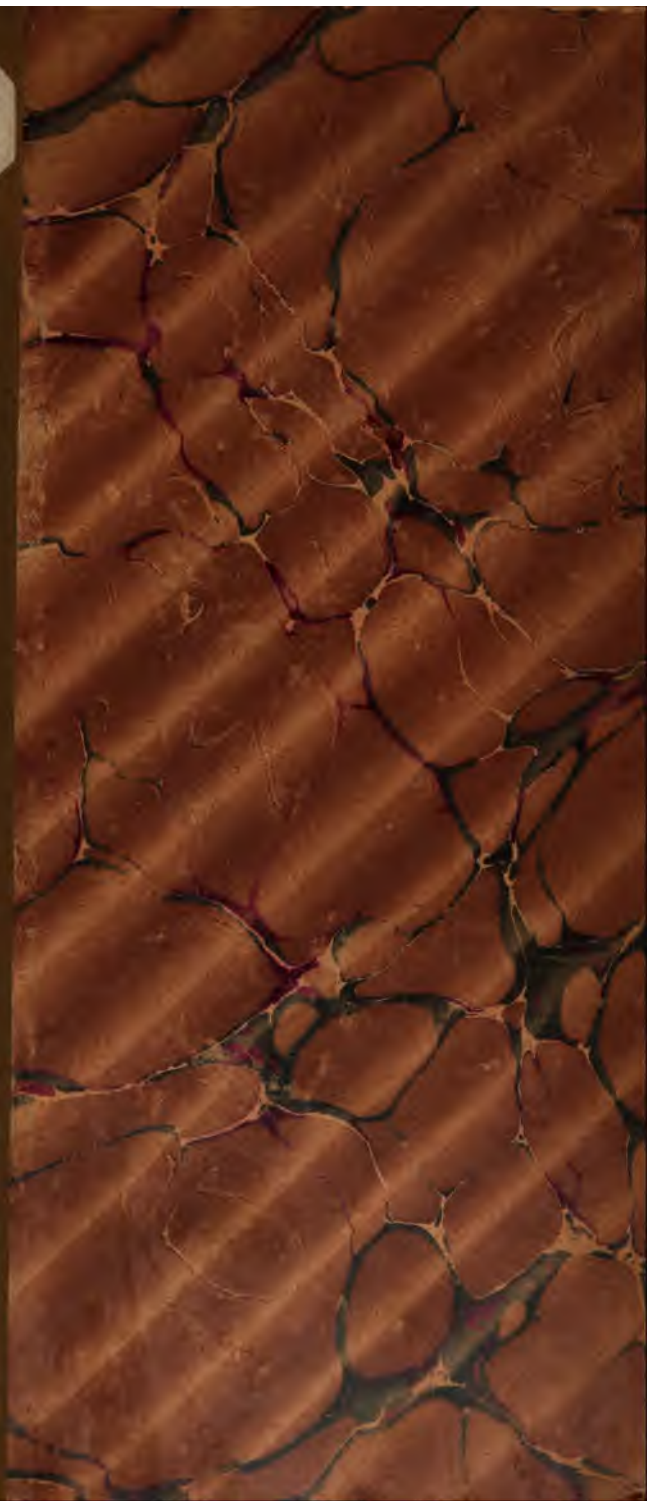
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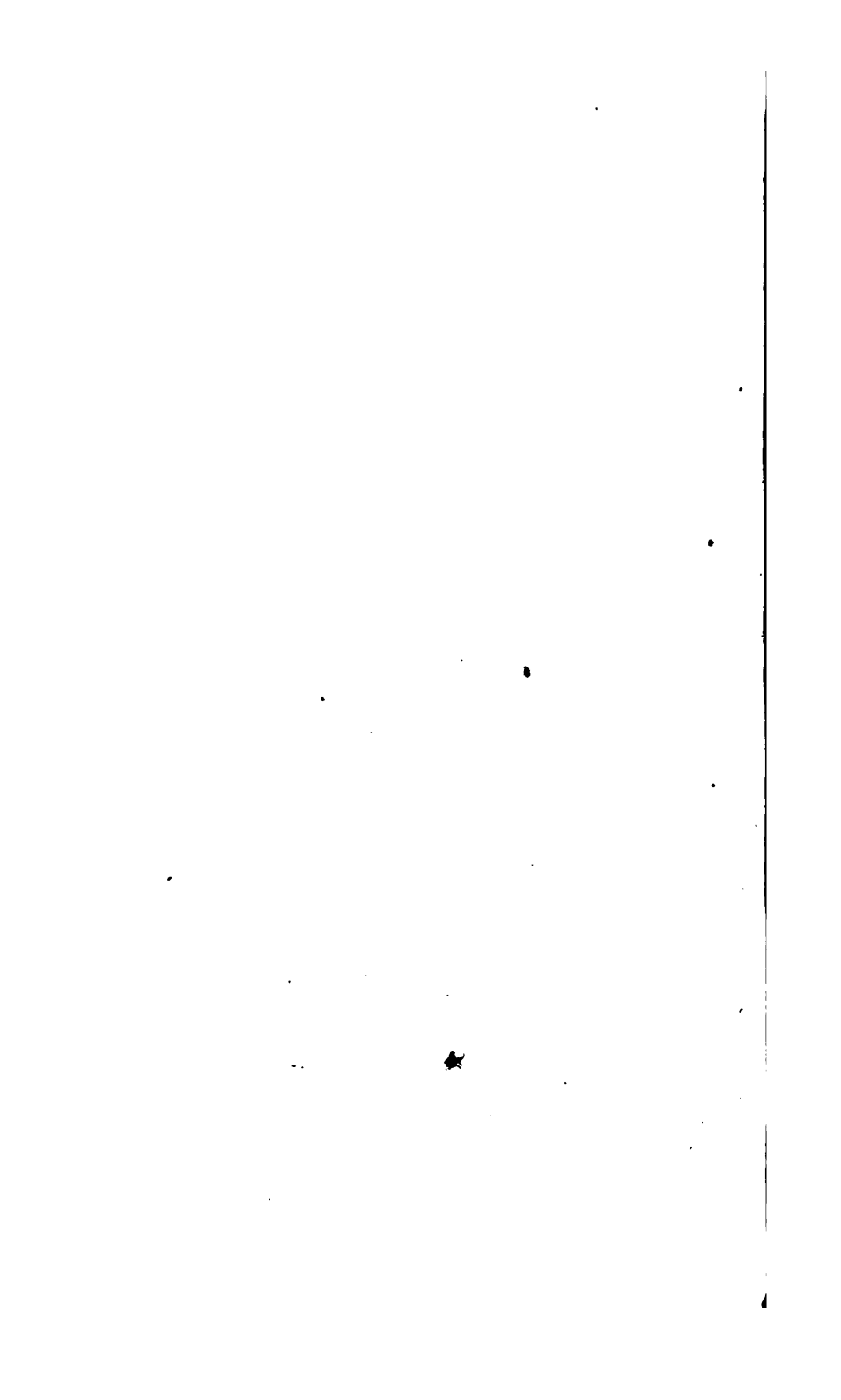
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CHAUNT
OF
THE CHOLERA.

SONGS FOR IRELAND.

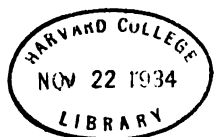
BY THE AUTHORS
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CHAUNT
OF
THE CHOLERA.



CHAUNT
OF
THE CHOLERA.

FROM my proper clime and subjects,
In my hot and swarthy East,
North and Westward I am coming
For a conquest and a feast—
And I come not until challenged,
Through your chilly lands to roam!—
As a bride ye march'd to woo me,
And in triumph led me home!

Your mighty one of Russia,
He wanted slaves the more,
And in my East he sought them,
From his frozen Baltic shore—
He sought them! and he found them!—
And WHOM found with them too?
Ho, ho! my brother-tyrant,
Am I less a Czar than you?

He deems me an Avenger!
That in rage I sally forth,
Blow for blow to give him
In his distant howling North!
That for Persia first *I* smote him!
That for Poland now I smite!
That—hurra!—I kill for Freedom,
When Freedom wars with Might!

He is in his lazaretto,
With the triple guards around,
While his serfs, in tens of thousands,
Do blacken on the ground;

And he hopeth to escape me—
Yet he is quaking still,
For he knows no watch can bar me,
When I would work my will!

He knows that I can pass them,
As they whisper there of me,
And at midnight deep be with him
In his chamber, lonelily—
And, o'er his slumbers bending
My dark and spasmy face,
Breathe out the breath which maketh
A pest-house of the place—

And with my spume-lips kiss him—
And with my shaking hand
Press down his heart, and press it,
Till its throb is at a stand—
Low laughing, while an horror
His despot eye-ball dims—
My knarled arms twined round him,
And my cramp'd and knotty limbs!

Kings!—tell me my commission,
As from land to land I go,
And the time, and place, and season,
For me my strength to show?
Am I here and there, so near ye,
To watch ye, every one,
For justice, and for judgment,
And the changes drawing on!

With the shadow of my coming,
Why do I shadow o'er
The Spree's thrice-regal waters,
The imperial Danube's roar?
Crown'd rulers of the rivers!
In your hearts my question scan!
Ho, ho! I bide an answer!
For mercy if I can.

Not yet appear my foot-prints
On the ocean-kingdom's strand—
Not yet my fiend-wing's rustle
Is heard in Gallia's land ;—

All ye unshackled people!

Hold bravely what ye've won—
With Freedom exorcise me,
Until my race be run!

Ho! on a land more Western

Observing her I've stood—
Must *I* disarm the cravens
Who are kept to spill her blood—
And save that man a vengeance
Who is brooding o'er the doom
Of his unborn infant, butcher'd
E'en through its mother's womb?

Earth! tell me my commission,

As from land to land I go,
And the time, and place, and season,
For me my strength to show!
Mankind! declare the limit
Of my stay and scope with you!
Come—prophesy the ending
Of the work I have to do!

Ye cannot ! ye are cringing,
All Earth, to measure ME !
As if ye were, already,
The worms ye soon may be——
Surface of meanest reptiles !
The only living things
Left on a world, in eclipse
By the spreading of my wings !

Ye cannot—and ye dare not !
From the monarch on his throne,
And the statesman in his closet,
To the wretch of skin and bone
Who begs the crumb which keepeth
A spark of life in him——
Each thinketh of the glaring
Of my pest-eyes, film'd and dim !

And the monarch, sideways glancing
Upon the costly thing
Which must give a pageant promise
That he surely is a King.

**Thrills at the sickening notion
Of WHO may be a prey
To my caresses, loathsome,
Ere his coronation day!**

**And the statesman, calculating
The hosts he would send out,
Throws down his pen, and idly
Stares round him in cold doubt,
As the icy thought doth seize him
Of WHO their might may stem—
Yea, and who may be the wise-one
To make up the loss of them!**

**He hears them onward tramping
To the tramp of other feet—
He hears the hostile shouting
Of the armies ere they meet—
Hush!—at one side and the other,
They are silent—and they stop—
An unseen hand hath touch'd them!
Down their weapons drop!**

And they reel about like drunkards,
Or infants in their play,
And they fall, convulsed and bloated,
And blind to the bright day—
And in heaps they stir and struggle,
Until at last all lie
Dead, by the noble river
Which lonesomely runs by!

Hurra! could I not do it,
What the coward shadows forth?
Earth's puny hosts thus wither
To show them their own worth!
While brother calls to brother,
Agape for brother's blood—
To confound them there, together—
Hurra! were it not good?

Who can tell me my commission,
As from land to land I go,
And the time, and place, and season,
For me my might to show?

Mankind! declare the limit
Of my stay and scope with you!
Come, prophesy the ending
Of the work I have to do!

A promise, vague and fearful,
Whose fulfiller I may be!
Ha! good and true believers,
Fix ye now your eyes on me?
Man's heart, is it not harden'd,
And proud exceedingly?
And am I come to chasten
For boasts and blasphemy?

To chasten, by Destroying!
To spare not! till a few,
Alone, be left, in tremblings,
Earth's people to renew,
And to cry—"There is a Godhead!"
"And man his anger braved!"
"And to raise a race to fear Him
"We, lonely-ones, are saved!"

Her sages who believe not!
Unto yourselves ye say,
That in death, and in corruption,
From the world have pass'd away
Her live-things, strange and ancient—
And the rottings of that past
Gave ye your words and wisdom—
And ye are but her last—

Am I coming, am I coming,
To change it o'er again,
And shape her new possessors
From the loathsome wreck of men?
Philosophy console ye
For the fate herself proclaims!
Die! Rot! and leave behind ye
Nothing! not even names!

Earth's insects all! her wise-ones,
Who scoff, or doubt, or fear,—
Ye have read her skies, and told her
A Destroyer draweth near!

Lo! the prophets of that ruin
Do prophesy the day
When the errant terror rusheth
To blaze her heart away!

How say ye? am I with ye,
As a friend, for such an hour!—
When agony, and madness,
And nought else shall have power!
To touch, for God, in season,
Your callousness and pride,
And fit ye, and submit ye
To what ye *may* abide!

The anguish-hour! the frantic!
Before the havoc-one!
When Earth with ye, ye with her,
Are shrivell'd, stricken, gone!
When lifeless, and lightless,
And colorless, and black,
A lump of cindered chaos,
She staggers in her track——

And falling, and falling,
 Below the dive of thought,
From among the specks of heaven
 Goes out, and is forgot
By her myriad, myriad sisters,
 Who may still have leave to be,
Lifting up their myriad voices
 Unto God's eternity!

The fearful hour! the frantic!
 Before the havoc-one!
The annihilator flaming,
 And whirling, thundering on!
Your own faint sun effacing,
 As *he* your night-stars doth—
Your day and night confounding,
 To make dread day of both!

The hour of shrieks! the frantic!
 He swells above your head!
Ye feel him! though he spareth
 As yet to strike ye dead!

He tortures ye! he blisters!

The blood within your veins
Is boiling! and all verdure
Turns red upon your plains!

And from the lonesome places
Four-footed things come in,
And, unheeded, run amongst ye,
And help your coward din—
Your horses and your cattle
Break loose, and kick, and gore,
And your household dogs do bite ye,
Upon the household floor!

And in crowds ye go together—
All ye I may have spared—
The king, uncrown'd—the captain
Ungirded—not unsear'd—
The mean and ragged cripple—
The foolish and the wise—
The strong man, and the weak one
Who did never win a prize—

And Beauty—ah! proud Beauty—

How is it she appears

Abroad, without her gay robes,

And the jewels in her ears?

And moves she now so graceful

As when she used to greet

The tinkling, which was timing

The bound of her small feet?

Look up! the growing horror

Half covers o'er your sky!

And near is no soft azure

To refresh the scorching eye!

And look abroad! your mountains

Do move and work in spasms,

And your hoar seas are uplifted,

And their beds are yawning chasms!

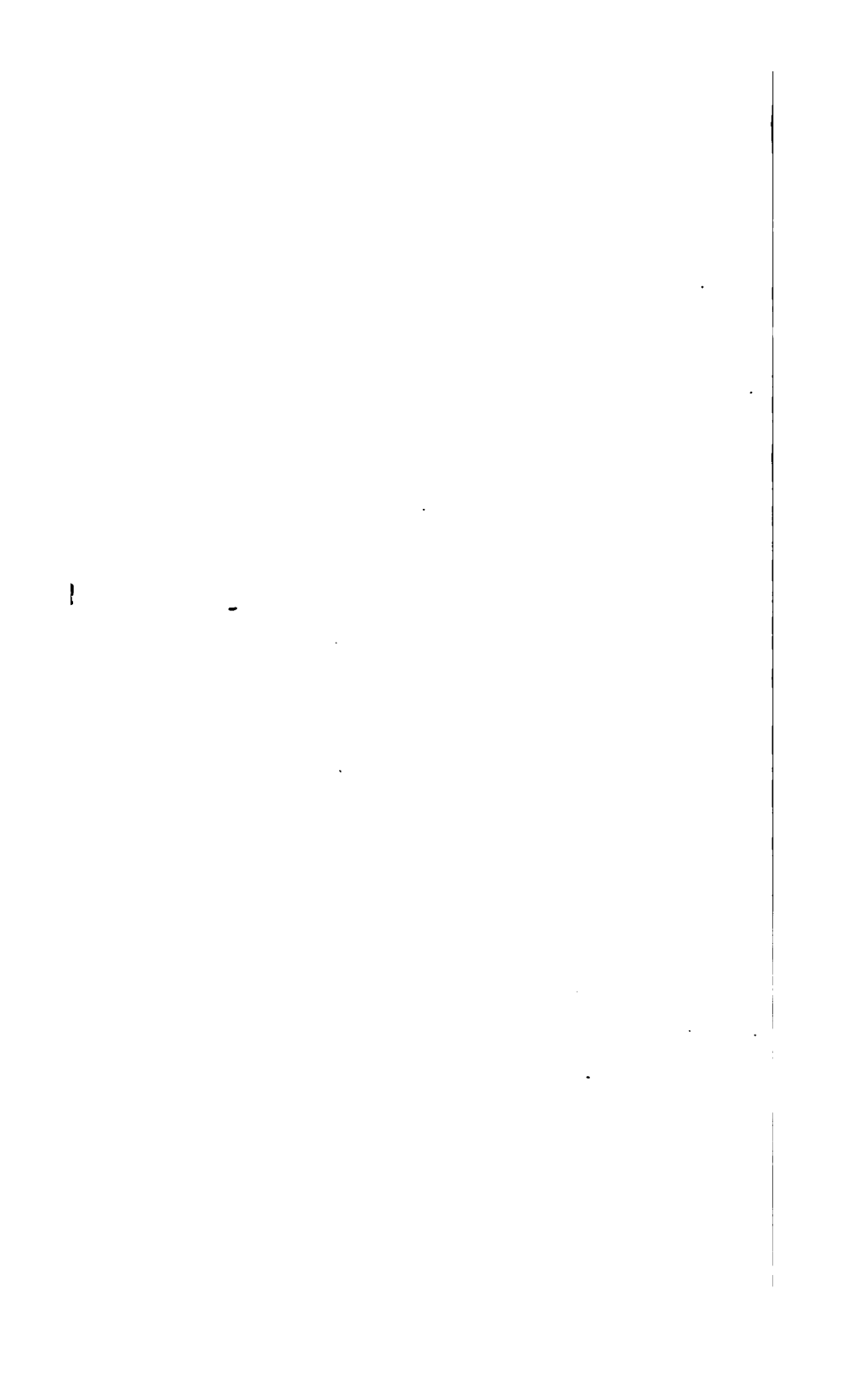
With lolling tongues ye hoarsely

Cry out, and curse or pray—

Kneel down! kneel down! and wisely

Dream on of such a day!—

And what though I should smite ye
Before it come so near—
Ho! were it not in mercy,
To make ye love or fear!—



SONGS FOR IRELAND.

ADVERTISEMENT.

SOME of the following Songs were written before the passing of a great political measure; perhaps those are indicated by the dates affixed to them. They were intended for publication previous to that event, but suppressed in consequence of its approach. Now, they can do no harm, and may help to remind us of feelings that have been, and also to call up curious speculation upon things which *might have* happened, growing out of those feelings, only for something else which *has* happened, in season.

The second portion of these Songs is a first attempt to throw into verse the peculiar phraseology, and occasionally the words, of the Irish peasantry, when they try to speak English.

Should any of them ever reach the mountain hamlets of Ireland, and be caught up by the

peasant in whose character they are written, it is hoped that no sentiment they contain can tend to make him worse than he is, in any respect. Nay, let the modesty of authorship permit the admission, that a contrary hope is entertained. Certainly, good has been intended. The Irish peasant has, at present, no songs which he can sing with much improvement, or even pleasure, to himself or others, and——

But the sentence may not be finished; lest it might provoke (and justly) a charge of something like anticipation, limited as is our subject.

SONGS FOR IRELAND.

SONG.

AIR—" *Fly not yet!*"

I.

DOUBT me not!—You cannot doubt

Because for Freedom I cry out!

The cry which has been all to you,

You surely love from others, too,

And, Sister, most from me—

From me, engaged, at your own will,

To share your lot of good or ill,

The joy or grief, the shame or glory,

Of your fortunes and your story—

Sister! no! no!

For a lot so high and brave

You cannot choose a willing slave,

And Slave I *will* not be!

II.

Doubt me not!—the slander scout
Which for my worship bids you doubt ;
’Twas practised by your men of old,
Who Priest and Prince unflinching told
That they their land would free ;
And if in mine a priest be found
To our good cause at heart unsound,
He too may know the place decreed him
In our plan of Equal Freedom—

Oh no ! oh no !

By a Christian’s hope and troth,
And by a true heart’s scorn and wrath,
In this they slander me !

III.

Doubt me not!—though still they say
That I would wile my chains away,
And summon back my strength and pride,
And then, unfaithful, leave your side—
Oh, trust them least in this !

'Twas Fate call'd up, from laboring earth,
Us, Island-Sister, at a birth,
Sisterhood between us dooming'
While a wave is round us booming—
Sister, no ! no !
Never thus my wishes stray,
And on his name a ban I pray,
Whose baleful dream it is !

SONG.

I.

“ MORE blood !” cry the vultures—“ more blood !”—
The old carrion-crows of our land—
The men by her children who stood
With halter and scourge in their hand !
“ Blood ! blood, ankle deep !” is the shout,
While they gloat o’er their Circean cup,
And grin—the base, ravening rout—
As though it were blood they suck’d up !

II.

But from them every drop we shall save
Which through her dear arteries floats,
Till at last in despair they do crave
From the devil and us their own throats !
Every drop ! though like Dives they pray
From the hell in their own bosoms nursed,
Crying out but for *one* to allay
The pangs of that horrible thirst !

THE IRISH SOLDIER.

AIR—" *Shule, shule, shule, aroon.*"

I.

THE Irish soldier, cast for fight,
Stood to his arms at dead of night,
Watching the east, until its ray
To the battle-field should show his way ;—
Soldier, soldier, soldier brave,
You will fight though they call you slave,
And though you but help a bandit hand
Uncheck'd to kill in your native land.

II.

The soldier thought on his chance of doom—
How the trampled sod might be his tomb—
How, in evening's dusk, his sightless stare
To the small pale stars might upward glare ;—

Soldier, soldier, soldier brave,
You will fight though you think of the grave—
Though it yawn so near you, black and chill,
Honor and courage man you still.

III.

And o'er his solemn brow he made
The Christian sign, and humbly said—
“ Your prayers, good saints, if I should fall ;
And for mercy, O Lord, on you I call ! ”—
Irish soldier, soldier brave,
You will fight, although you crave
The prayers of the saints your own to aid,
And the sign of the cross on your brow have
made.

IV.

The morning broke—the bugle blew—
The voice of command the soldier knew,
And stern and straight in the van he stood,
And shouting, he rush'd to the work of blood ;—

Irish soldier, soldier bold,
Thousands lay round you, crimson'd and cold—
But over their bodies you still fought on,
Till down you sank as the day was won.

V.

And the Irish soldier now hath come,
Worn, and wounded, and crippled, home,
The hated, and slander'd, and scorn'd of those
Who safely slept while he faced their foes ;—
Irish soldier, soldier bold,
In your native land you now are told
'Twas traitor-blood on that field you lost,
For you call'd on the saints, and your brow
you cross'd !

THE IRISH MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

AIR—" *The Song of Sorrow.*"

I.

Now welcome, welcome, baby-boy, unto a mother's
fears,
The pleasure of her sufferings, the rainbow of her
tears,
The object of your father's hope, in all he hopes to do,
A future man of his own land, to live him o'er anew!

II.

How fondly on thy little brow a mother's eye would
trace,
And in thy little limbs, and in each feature of thy face,
His beauty, worth, and manliness, and every thing
that's his,
Except, my boy, the answering mark of where the
fetter is!

III.

O h ! many a weary hundred years his sires that fetter
wore,
And he has worn it since the day that him his mother
bore ;
And now, my son, it waits on you, the moment you
are born,
The old hereditary badge of suffering and scorn !

IV.

Alas, my boy so beautiful !—alas, my love so brave !
And must your gallant Irish limbs still drag it to the
grave !
And you, my son, yet have a son, fore-doom'd a
slave to be,
Whose mother still must weep o'er him the tears I
weep o'er thee !

SONG.*

AIR—" *The valley lay smiling before me.*"

I.

HE said that he was not our brother—
The mongrel! he said what we knew—
No, Erin! our dear Island-mother,
He ne'er had his black blood from you!
And what though the milk of your bosom
Gave vigor and health to his veins—
He *was* but a foul foreign blossom,
Blown hither to poison our plains!

* Should the reader choose to select any subject to whom, in 1828, these lines were addressed, he is requested to recollect that, since the passing of a great measure, gratitude has wholly effaced from the minds and hearts of Irishmen the hostility which they had previously felt towards a

II.

He said that the sword had enslaved us—

That still at its point we must kneel—

The liar!—though often it braved us,

We cross'd it with hardier steel!

This witness his Richard*—our vassal!

His Essex†—whose plumes we trod down!

great personage. Of course the verses do not at all apply at present: they may, however, stand as a true record of former feelings, now calmed down by judicious conciliation.

* Richard II.: he made the first attempt at a regular conquest of Ireland in the field, and closed his campaign against young *Arthur Mac Murchad O'Kavanah*, by consenting that the settlers of the pale should pay an annual tribute for footing in the country.

† In the county of Wexford is a place called "the pass of plumes," from the great slaughter of Essex's army which took place in it: after this event, we find him writing to England, that of 24,000 veteran troops, with whom he had come to Ireland, under a promise to conquer it for Elizabeth, he had but about 4,000 remaining; and he ends his curious letter (after declaring the impossibility of quelling the queen's enemies in the field) by advising the plan of extermination,

His Willy*—whose peerless sword-tassel
We tarnish'd at Limeric town!

III.

No! falsehood and feud were our evils,
While force not a fetter could twine—
Come Northmen,—come Normans,—come Devils!
We gave them our Sparth† to the chine!
And if once again he would try us,
To the music of trumpet and drum,
And no traitor among us or nigh us—
Let him come, the Brigand! let him come!

by destroying crops, cattle, and stragglers, men, women, and children, which Mount-Joy carried into effect; but of which it was Elizabeth's successor who reaped the advantage.

* William III., who was beaten by a small and distressed garrison, at Limeric, and compelled to raise the siege.

† The formidable weapon described by Spencer, a blow from which—dealt by an arm to match—used, in his time, to cleave a rider in two halves, from the skull to his saddle!

SONG.

AIR—" *As slow our ship its foamy track;*"

Or, "*The girl I left behind me.*"

I.

As we are men and Irishmen,
Scorn for his scorn'd alliance !
As we are men, and Irishmen,
Unto his threat, defiance !
He would, indeed, think low of us,
Though his taunt hath but belied him,
If, for such taunt, we had not thus
Denied him, and defied him !

II.

But, words are often light as air,
When most they sound a meaning,
And the heart is weak when pride is there,
And young fame is overweening ;

And it was amid his flush of fame,
With his soldier-pride unbroken,
The first in glory and in name,
That his words of us were spoken.

III.

And time hath since gone o'er us all,
And vanities as fleeting,
And the chief hath heard our manful call
With a pulse more calmly beating,
And haply look'd at us again,
And wish'd forgotten ever
The biting words, which from brave men
A brother brave would sever!

SONG.

AIR—" *The Moreen*;" or, " *The Minstrel Boy*."

I.

YES! discord's hand to the last it was
In every field of our story,
Which did our country's fortunes cross,
And tear down all her glory—
And this we saw, and this we felt,
Yet still the warning slighted,
Till a clinging curse was to us dealt—
The curse of the disunited!

II.

But, warn'd at last, in our strength we stand
Crying out, with one deep chorus,
For requital to this outraged land—
Land of our love, that bore us!

Millions shout, as a single man—

“ Now, now, thou shalt be righted,
For now thy sons thy future span,
Because they are United !”

III.

Ay! by the fate we shall weave for her,
To atone for the fate we wove her!
By those, her name who hate and slur—
By ourselves, who deeply love her!
By manhood's worth! by the sacred flame
On her hearths and her altars lighted—
By her present shame—by her ancient fame—
We are—we *are* United!

1828.

THE IRISH MAIDEN'S SONG.

AIR—" *Domhnall* ;"

OR, " *I saw thy form in youthful prime.*"

I.

You know it, now—it is betray'd
This moment, in mine eye—
And in my young cheek's crimson shade,
And in my whisper'd sigh—
You know it, now—yet listen, now—
Though ne'er was love more true,
My plight and troth, and virgin vow,
Still, still I keep from you,

Ever—

II.

Ever, until a proof you give
How oft you've heard me say
I would not even his empress live,
Who idles life away,
Without one effort for the land
In which my fathers' graves
Were hollow'd by a despot hand
To darkly close on slaves——

Never!

III.

See! round yourself the shackles hang,
Yet come you to love's bowers,
That only he may soothe their pang,
Or hide their links in flowers—
But try all things to snap them, first,
And should all fail, when tried,
The fated chain you cannot burst
My twining arms shall hide——

Ever!

THE IRISH PRIESTS' SONG.

AIR—" *The Brown Irish Girl;*"

Or, " *By the lake whose gloomy shore.*"

I.

MEN who for the land do toil,
Humble brethren of our soil,
Charms or spells we did not wind
O'er your independent mind ;
Priestly frown, or bigot threat,
From your priests ye have not met ;
True, we call'd ye forth—what then !
'Twas as brother-Irishmen !

II.

By the love between us grown
At the desert's storm-blanch'd stone,

When, sore troubled and afraid,
There we knelt, and there we pray'd,—
By its memory, old and rare,
Since our straw-thatch'd house of prayer,
Of the rude hill part and prize,
On the rude hill dared arise—

III.

By its great increase, since we
Rear'd our own sheds, lowlily,
Near, and like, and still, around,
No friends but each other found—
By the love such lot accords—
Bedside comforts, fireside words—
By that love, in Ireland's name,
We did call ye, and ye came!

THE RECONCILIATION.*

AIR—" *Sly Patrick ;*"

Or, " *Has sorrow thy young days shaded?*"

I.

THE old man he knelt at the altar,
His enemy's hand to take,
And at first his weak voice did falter,
And his feeble limbs did shake ;
For his only brave boy, his glory,
Had been stretch'd at the old man's feet,
A corpse, all so haggard and gory,
By the hand which he now must greet.

* The facts of these verses occurred in a little mountain-chapel, in the county of Clare, at the time when efforts were made to put an end to the faction-fighting of the Irish peasantry.

II.

And soon the old man stopt speaking,
And rage which had not gone by,
From under his brows came breaking
Up into his enemy's eye—
And now his limbs were not shaking,
But his clench'd hands his bosom cross'd,
And he look'd a fierce wish to be taking
Revenge for the boy he lost!

III.

But the old man he then glanced around him,
And thought of the place he was in,
And thought of the promise which bound him,
And thought that revenge was sin—
And then, crying tears, like a woman,
“Your hand!” he said—“aye, *that* hand!
And I do forgive you, foeman,
For the sake of our bleeding land!”

THE SHAMROCK AND THE LILY.

AIR—" *Faugh-a-colleigh;*"

Or, " *To ladies' eyes a round, boys!*"

I.

SIR SHAMROCK, sitting drinking,
 At close of day, at close of day,
 Saw Orange Lily, thinking,
 Come by that way, come by that way;
 With can in hand he hail'd him,
 And jovial din, and jovial din;
 The Lily's drouth ne'er fail'd him—
 So he stept in, so he stept in.

II.

At first they talk'd together,
 Reserved and flat, reserved and flat,

About the crops, the weather,
And this and that, and this and that—
But, as the glass moved quicker,
To make amends, to make amends,
They spoke—though somewhat thicker—
Yet more like friends, yet more like friends.

III.

“ Why not call long before, man,
To try a glass, to try a glass?”
Quoth Lily—“ People told me
You’d let me pass, you’d let me pass—
Nay, and they whisper’d too; man,
Death in the pot, death in the pot,
Slipt in for me by you, man—
Though I hope not, though I hope not.”

IV.

“ Oh foolish, foolish Lily !
Good drink to miss, good drink to miss,
For gossip all so silly,
And false as this, and false as this ;

And 'tis the very way, man,
With such bald chat, with such bald chat,
You 're losing, day by day, man,
Much more than that, much more than that.

V.

“ Here, in this land of mine, man,
Good friends with me, good friends with me,
A life almost divine, man,
Your life might be, your life might be ;
But—jars for you ! till, in, man,
My smiling land, my smiling land,
You bilious grow, and thin, man,
As you can stand, as you can stand.

VI.

“ Now, if 'tis no affront, man,
On you I call, on you I call,
To tell me what you want, man,
At-all-at-all, at-all-at-all ;—

Come, let us have, in season,
A word or two, a word or two ;
For there's neither rhyme nor reason
In your hubbubboo ! your hubbubboo !

VII.

" With you I'll give and take, man,
A foe to cares, a foe to cares,
Just asking, for God's sake, man,
To say my prayers, to say my prayers,
And, like an honest fellow,
To take my drop, to take my drop,
In reason, till I'm mellow,
And then to stop, and then to stop.

VIII.

" And why should not things *be* so, . . .
Between us both, between us both ?
You're so afraid of me ? Pho !
All fudge and froth, all fudge and froth ;—

Or why, for little Willy,
So much ado, so much ado?
What is he, silly Lily,
To me or you, to me or you?

IX.

“ Can he, for all you shout, man,
Back to us come, back to us come,
Our devils to cast out, man,
And strike them dumb, and strike them dumb?
Or breezes mild make blòw, man,
In summer-peace, in summer-peace,
Until the land o’erflow, man,
With God’s increase, with God’s increase!”

X.

“ What you do say, Sir Shamrock,”
The Lily cried, the Lily cried,
“ I’ll think of, my old game-cock,
And more beside, and more beside;—

One thing is certain, brother—

I 'm free to say, I 'm free to say,

We should be more together,

Just in this way, just in this way."

XI.

" Well—top your glass, Sir Lily,

Our parting one, our parting one—

A bumper and a *tilly*,*

To past and gone, to past and gone—

And to the future day, lad,

That yet may see, that yet may see,

Good humor and fair play, lad,

'Twixt you and me, 'twixt you and me!"

* A little more than good measure.

SONG.

AIR—" *I'd mourn the hopes that leave me ;*"
Or, " *A rose tree in full bearing.*"

I.

" OH, well I love to see thee
So bravely look, my only boy—
But thy courage—can it free thee?
Alas, alas, it may destroy !
'Twas in your father's eye, boy,
The day they dragg'd him by our door,
A shameful death to die, boy,
Ere thee to him thy mother bore !"

II.

" They shall not drag me, mother,
Like him, unto the gallows tree—

They shall not tear another,
The last and only one, from thee;
And yet shall they restore me
The rights they've robb'd from him and me,
Or else—while Heaven is o'er me—
A worse foe than my father see!"

III.

"What mean you now, my own boy?
Your death upon their fighting field
Would leave me all as lone, boy,
As any which their hate can yield!"
"Mother, I do not fear them,
Even should they dare the worst they could;
Yet never will I cheer them
A challenge to their strife of blood!"

IV.

"And how then win your own, boy,
Though pure and high your quarrel stands,

From their stern hearts of stone, boy,
And from their griping iron hands?"
"A battle still must win it!
A battle, mother, they shall rue,
Although no blood flow in it,
To make the widow childless too!"

THE PARLEY.

AIR—" *Paddy Whack;*"
Or, " *While History's Muse.*"

I.

OURS is no quarrel that will not be ended—
Ours are not hearts to hate on to the last—
The foe still devoted, the foe still intended,
To him, and him only, our challenge we cast—
And him—even him—let him now but awake
To the love he should own for our desolate land,
And his hand we will take,
And his hand we will shake,
Though the blood of her children be fresh on that hand!

II.

And oh! toiling sleeper, when, when wilt thou break up
The fierce haggard dream of thy feverish heart,

And from its delusions of tumult awake up
To know what a dupe and a raver thou art!
Wake, wake, in the fair names of manhood and mind!
Of wisdom, of charity, mercy and ruth!
By the love thou dost find
On thy soul to its kind!
By its nature! its yearnings eternal for truth!

III.

In the dear name of country we cannot adjure thee—
Thou lone one! no country at present thou hast—
But, up at our bidding! and we will ensure thee
A country, and love of a country, at last!
Aye! in lieu of the rage-thirst thou'rt panting to slake,
Up, up, in the name of this desecrate land,
And your hand we will take,
And your hand we will shake,
Though the blood of her children be fresh on that hand!

SONG.

AIR—" *Come send round the bowl ;*"
Or, " *We brought the summer with us.*"

I.

HERE we are, Mr. Bull, your Orange and Green,
Flaunting away like two show flowers,
Or rival Sultanas, that it may be seen
Which first you will choose for your amorous hours ;
Though, like a great Sultan, you won't condescend
At either your fancy cravat to throw—
But, please make a choice, for 'tis time you should end
Our rivalry, ere to "the scratch" we go !

II.

Come! tell us your mind! old Orange or me?
Her jaundiced phiz, or my bloomy charms?
A hen-pecking, peevish old maid of sixty,
Or beauty, and vigor, and youth, in your arms?

If a peaceable house you wish yours to be,
You'll hardly, I think, bring home such a bride;
If you hope, under God, a fine family,
A man of your sense must soon decide.

III.

And know you her dower, and know you mine?
An old woman bevy, a thin male crew,
As hungry and poor as Pharaoh's lean kine,
Of her own sickly colour, she brings to you—
I offer a portion few princesses have!
A kingdom! a kingdom! of teeming plains!
A people! a people! fresh, loyal, and brave!
A nation! a nation! with blood in its veins!

IRISH PEASANTS' SONGS.

IRISH PEASANTS' SONGS.

SONG.

AIR—" *Molly Asthore.*"

1.

OUR fathers' fields we long have till'd,
Despised and stricken down—
The *Sassenach's* serf! his stores we fill'd,
And trembled at his frown—
No face but his to turn unto,
And pray to save, in time,
By pity, help, or counsel true,
Our breaking hearts from crime.

II.

And ever as we turn'd to it,
That proud face from us turn'd,
And left us on our hills to sit,
Forsaken, wrong'd, and spurn'd—
Until our hearts in madness woke!
And up at last we stood,
And, shrieking to the night, we broke
On him and his—for blood!

III.

But now within our fields we hear
A pleasant voice arise--
"The *Sassenach's* frown no longer fear,
And dry your wretched eyes;
For friends, with power *his* power to quell,
Are thinking now of you,
And listen while your griefs you tell,
To teach you what to do.

IV.

“ If the oppressor strip you bare,
You shall be clothed again—
And if unlawful wrong he dare,
The law shall scourge him then—
And sorely shall he rue the day
He goaded you to guilt—
And your revenge shall turn away,
And blood no more be spilt!”

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS CHILD.

AIR—" *Laugh sheeling,*"
Or, " *Come rest in this bosom.*"

I.

AND where are you going, *ma bouchelleen-bawn*,*
From father and mother so early at dawn?
Och! rather run idle from evening till dawn,
Than darken *their* threshold, *ma bouchelleen-bawn*!

II.

For there they would tell you, *ma bouchelleen-bawn*,
That the mother whose milk to your heart you have
drawn,
And the father who prays for you, evening and dawn,
Can never be heard for you, *bouchelleen-bawn*!

* My little fair boy.

III.

That the faith we have bled for, from father to son,
Since first by a lie our fair valleys were won,
And which oft in the desert, our knees to the sod,
We kept from them all, for our sons and our God—

IV.

That this was idolatry, heartless and cold,
And now grown more heartless because it is old ;
And for something that's newer they'd ask you to pawn
The creed of your fathers, *ma bouchelleen-bawn!*

V.

And now will you go to them, *bouchelleen-bawn*,
From father and mother, so early at dawn?
Och! the cloud from your mind let it never be drawn,
But cross not *their* threshold, *ma bouchelleen-bawn!*

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS PRIEST.

AIR—" *Aileen aroon;*"
Or, "*Erin! the tear.*"

I.

AM I the slave they say,
Soggarth aroon?*

Since you did show the way,
Soggarth aroon,
Their slave no more to be,
While they would work with me
Ould Ireland's slavery,
Soggarth aroon?

II.

Why not her poorest man,
Soggarth aroon,

* Priest, dear.

Try and do all he can,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Her commands to fulfil
 Of his own heart and will,
 Side by side with you still,
 Soggarth aroon?

III.

Loyal and brave to you,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Yet be no slave to you,
 Soggarth aroon,—
 Nor, out of fear to you,
 Stand up so near to you—
 Och! out of fear to you!
 Soggarth aroon!

IV.

Who, in the winter's night,
 Soggarth aroon,
 When the cold blast did bite,
 Soggarth aroon,

Came to my cabin-dour,
And, on my earthen-flure,
Knelt by me, sick and poor,
Soggarth aroon?

V.

Who, on the marriage-day,
Soggarth aroon,
Made the poor cabin gay,
Soggarth aroon—
And did both laugh and sing,
Making our hearts to ring,
At the poor christening,
Soggarth aroon?

VI.

Who, as friend only met,
Soggarth aroon,
Never did flout me yet,
Soggarth aroon?

And when my hearth was dim,
 Gave, while his eye did brim,
 What I should give to him,
 Soggarth aroon?

VII.

Och! you, and only you,
 Soggarth aroon!—
 And for this I was true to you,
 Soggarth aroon;
In love they'll never shake,
 When for ould Ireland's sake,
 We a true part did take,
 Soggarth aroon!

THE CLARE ELECTION.

AIR—"The Boyne Water." *

I.

JULY the first, in Ennis town,
There was a glorious battle,
Though not a man did there go down,
Nor not a cannon rattle ;
And yet 'twas strength and courage, too,
That put them to the rout, boys—
The courage to be blunt and true,
And for ourselves speak out, boys.

* The favorite Orange song goes to this air, and its lines are—

"July the first, in Old Bridge town,
There was a glorious battle—"

II.

Before that day, they used to say
That we could make no fight, boys,
Unless the pike did clear our way—
And, faith, we thought them right, boys;
But we and they were both astray,
For, under new-found guides, boys,
Without the pike we fought that day—
And we won the fight, besides, boys.

III.

Before that day, they used to say
That cratures in frieze coats, boys,
Were only fit to screech “Hurra!”
Whoever ask’d their votes, boys;
Although ould Ireland’s precious tears,
Rebuking them, did drop, boys,
And her mild cross, uprear’d through years,
Did wave to bid them stop, boys.

IV.

But now we wonder what they'll say
When their mistake they see, boys,
And reckon, from that well-won day,
That their serfs no more we'll be, boys—
That we can take a manful part,
For cross and country both, boys—
That the frieze may wrap a manful heart,
As well as finer cloth, boys!

V.

Before that day, they used to say,
That when we ought to think, boys,
For what we screech'd our votes away,
We could n't—for the drink, boys :
But, though the sun came strong that day,
And almost scorch'd us up, boys,
We waited to "give them their tey,"*
Afore *we* took a sup, boys!

* Equivalent to "quit scores with them"—used on a remarkable occasion during the Clare Election.

VI.

Ould friends of ours were there, that day,
With the steel for all our throats, boys,
But from the raps we turn'd away,
To beat them—with our votes, boys ;
And the sojer-chaps, both red and blue,
With their cannon, they drew near, boys—
But, red and blue, we bet them, too,
With just one Irish cheer, boys !

VII.

Och! 'twas a sight worth looking at!
Their caps and feathers tall, boys,
An army come to kill poor Pat,
With gun, and soord, and all, boys—
And then to see how one strong thought,
And one good blast of breath, boys,
To nothing all their grandeur brought—
These sons of fire and death, boys !

VIII.

Ay ! as that parting cheer we cheer'd
To send them to their beds, boys,
And as their open files we clear'd
With ~~Dan~~ above our heads, boys—
Who then was strong? The sojer grand,
A hiring for his pay, boys,
Or we, the tillers of God's land,
Unarm'd, but free, that day, boys!

IX.

A glorious battle, fought and won,
By heads and hearts—not hands, boys—
Yet worth the whole that we have done
With all our nightly bands, boys—
And it has shown us there's more strength
In Union, wise and cool, boys,
Than in a pike, a mile in length,
And a giant that's a fool, boys.

X.

Ould Shamus* fought another fight,
On the first day of July, boys,
And *his* field show'd another sight,
When from it he did fly, boys—
For there lay Ireland's loyal youth,
Too stiff to run away, boys,
And, what was worse—to tell God's truth—
Ould Shamus lost the day, boys.

XI.

But, "July the first," it comes about
Again, and 'tis our own, boys!
Without a drop of blood, without
One widow's sigh or groan, boys!
So, hurra! hurra! and let us pray
For all our future fights, boys,
Bloodless, though bould, like this, to-day,
For all our future rights, boys.

* James II.

DEMAND AND SUPPLY.

PAUDREN AND MOYA.

AIR—"The meeting of the waters;"
Or, "The boys of Kilkenny."

I.

"ARRAH, Moya, my pet, do you know what they say
About what we're for doing next marrying day? *
They say, that to go to the Soggarth, † that way,
Is a shame and a schandle—faith, that's what they
say!
Is a shame and a schandle—faith, that's what they
say!"

* The eve of Lent—a day and night of great increase to
the Irish Soggarth. † (Priest.)

II.

“ A-thin, how’s it a shame and a schandle, Paudeen?”
“ ‘There’s too much of us in it, already, petteen,*
And to go to the priest, is to go in the way
Of more of us coming—and that’s what they say—
Of more of us coming—and that’s what they say.”

III.

“ And how would some more be too many, Paudeen?”
“ Sure the gintleman makes it quite plain to be seen—
For—if more comes than’s wantin’, or call’d for, says
they—”
“ Och! Paudeen, the bastes! and is that what they
say?
If more comes than’s call’d for!—Is that what they
say?”

* A diminutive of *Pet*, as is Paudeen of Paudge, or Pat—
both terms of endearment in this sense.

IV.

"No—but more than there's room for, or ating, or
drink"—

"Och! ould Ireland, Pauddeen, can hould more
than they think,

And the Lord never lets a new mouth see the day,
But He sends something for it—for all that they say!
For all that from morning to night they can say!

V.

"And so we must shame our poor people of ould,
Or wait till the love goes away, or grows could?
Is that what they say, Paudge? Is that what *you*
say?

Och, Pauddeen, is that what yourself means to say!
Och, Pauddeen, is that what yourself means to say!"

VI.

"In one thing they're right, pet, as I understand;
Sure enough, we're too many for *them* in this land—

But, they'll see a few more of us, day after day,
Ere we make ourselves scarce for them—that's what
I say!
Arrah, Moya, my darlent, and that's what I say!

VII.

“ Ere the name that we got from our mothers, to
give
To our wives and our daughters, as long as they
live,
Has a spot to be seen in the sunniest day—
By St. Bridget, the vargin! and that's what I say!
By St. Bridget, the vargin! and that's what I say!

VIII.

“ Ay—or wait till the love goes away, or grows
could,
And be doin' God's will when we're bother'd and
ould;—

So—*heccum-pothe, lanina!** next marryin' day
To the face o' the priest there's some more that I'll
say!

To the face o' the priest there's some more that I'll
say!"

* Give a kiss, my dear.

THE PEASANTS' UNARMED POLICE.*

AIR—" *Rich and rare.*"

I.

NOT by fear, or terror, or pain,
So much as by union and love, we reign,
And good resolution, which fast doth bind,
All the land over, good men in one mind.

II.

Good resolve, that has not been made
By signs or in whispers, like people afraid,
But that of itself all minds will gripe,
When the cause is good, and the time is ripe.

* Some successful efforts have been made to inspire districts of Ireland with the spirit of these lines.

III.

And none pay us, and no oaths we swear,
And nor sword nor gun in our hands we bear ;
And yet our duties we will go through,
And them we are able, as willing, to do.

IV.

Our duty is, like an army brave,
From sorrow and sin the land to save,
And though like an army we go not about,
Our strength, in its spirit, we have sent out.

V.

'Tis on the hill, and 'tis in the vale,
And o'er crime and o'er bloodshed it shall
prevail——
So we watch the land, like her mountains old,
With footing as firm, and front as bold !

THE NEW REFORMATION.

AIR—" *Oh, did you hear*
What roaring cheer
Was had at Paddy's Wedding, O !"

I.

Oh, did you hear
What roaring cheer,
What brave new coats and breeches, O,
And new shoes, too,
For all of you,
Whose ould brogues wanted stitches, O,
Were ready got,
When that they thought
The popish of this nation, O,
To dress, and do,
And feed into
Their grand new Reformation, O?

Diddheradoo!
Hubbabubboo!
Their grand new Reformation, O!
That, in a shake,
They swore would make
Its own of our poor nation, O!

II.

Their cause to prop,
The praty-crop
That year fail'd in ould Erin, O;
And hungry sowls,
Wid windy bow'lls,
And duds apast all wearin', O,
To Cavan went,
And home were sent
Well coated and soft-hearted, O,
Who, all the way,
To the Saints did say—
“Och! it's we that are converted, O!
With your diddheradoo!
And your hubbabubboo!
And your grand new Reformation, O:

That, in a shake,
Its own will make
Of our poor bastely nation, O!"

III.

A nate young crop
Meantime did pop
Up through ould Erin, gratis, O,
Which, when they found,
The raps turn'd round
Again, wid the new praties, O—
Saying—"As fine saints,
And Protestants,
We et your good mate dinners, O,
But the praty-food
Must now be chew'd
By common popish sinners, O!
Diddheradoo!
Hubbabubboo!
Your grand new Reformation, O!
That, in a shake,
Ye swore would make
Its own of Ireland's nation, O!"

IV.

The saints grew cross
 At their dead loss,
 And at such popish treason, O,
 And, day by day,
 I'm loth to say,
 For the same they got more raison, O ;
 Some conyarts fell,
 Through fear of hell,
 Back to the ould persuasion, O—
 Some did demand
 Too much in hand
 To work out their salvation, O ;
 Diddheradeo !
 Hubbabubboo !
 The grand new Reformation, O !
 Sure, in a shake,
 Its own 'twill make
 Of our benighted nation, O !

V.

Tom Hews did crave,
 His sowl to save,

A pair of shoes so dainty, O—
For the Romish rogues
Alone wear brogues,
And the shoes are uate and sainty, O ;—
And the saints said “ Yes,”
But nevertheless,
Wid the brogues they thought to blind him, O ;
“ No,” says Tom Hews,
“ You promised—shoes”—
And he left the brogues behind him, O ;—
“ Diddheradoo !
And hubbabubboo !
Your grand new Reformation, O !
Is this the way
Ye think to pay
The convarts of the nation, O ?”

VI.

In churée, you know,
From hait, below,
(And faith, I like their notion, O,)

The saints contrive
To keep alive
The warmth of their devotion, O,
And, to be sure,
Down in the flure
They've holes made in ould iron, O,
Through which the hait
Comes up, compleate,
And you never see the firin', O;
Diddheradoo!
And hubbabubboo!
Your grand new Reformation, O!
And, loock and speed
To the snuggest creed
That's prach'd in Paddy's nation, O!

VII.

Not knowing this,
Poor Bridget Twiss,
Bent on her recantation, O,
Stood over the holes,
Till she thought the coals
Of red-hot hell her station, O;

And her petticoat
Did puff and float,
By the hait swell'd like a bladder, O—
Then Breedge ran out,
Wid her murther-shout,
And swore 'twas the divvle had her, O!
“ Diddheradoo!
Hubbabubboo!
Is this your Reformation, O?
Och! here I'm back,
Ye bastely pack,
To the ould faith of the nation, O!”

VIII.

Ould blind Moll Roe,
Her zale to show,
Of a Friday et their bacon, O,
And the spare-rib claw
Stuck in her maw,
The first bite she had taken, O—
Then sore she bawl'd,
And loudly call'd

On the saints above for marcy, O,
 Crying, in her race,
 As she quit the place—
 “ Och, where are you father Darcy, O!
 Ullaloo!
 And my curse on you,
 For one grand Reformation, O,
 That makes us ate
 Your divvle's mate
 Of a Friday, in this nation, O!”

IX.

These things, and more,
 The saints made sore,
 Until at last 'twas tould 'em, O,
 That not a rap
 They did entrap,
 But to the priest had sould 'em, O;
 And, worse than that,
 Ould father Pat
 Was spreading through the nation, O,

Among themselves,
By tens and twelves,
The *thruth* of a Reformation, O!
Diddheradoo!
Now what 'll they do
Wid their grand new Reformation, O,
That, in a shake,
They swore would make
Its own of our poor nation, O ?

x.

Lord Farnham tax'd
His brains, and ax'd
His lady for direction, O—
And, says she, " My lord,
Upon my word,
The day of true election, O,
Is not so near
As we did hear,
For this benighted nation, O,
So, till it comes,
Let's save our crumbs
For the *next* new Reformation, O !

So, Uhhaloo!

And wirrasthroo!

Their grand new Reformation, O,

That now must take

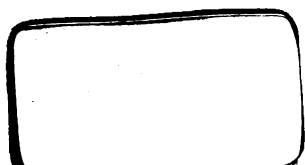
Some time to make

Its own of Ireland's nation, O!

FINIS.







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